

JULES VEDRINES KILLED IN PARIS-ROME FLIGHT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,831.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

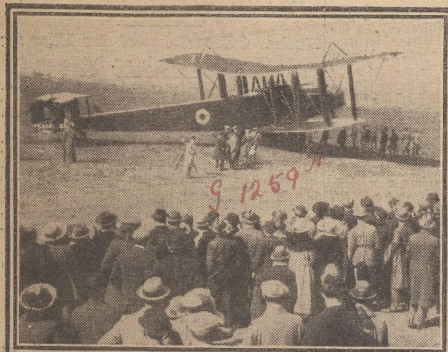
VEDRINES KILLED NEW THRILL FOR HOLIDAY CROWDS



Jules Vedrines, the famous French pioneer aviator, who, with his air mechanic, has been killed. He was making a flight from Paris to Rome, when, apparently, engine trouble developed and the machine crashed to earth. He won many honours during the war.



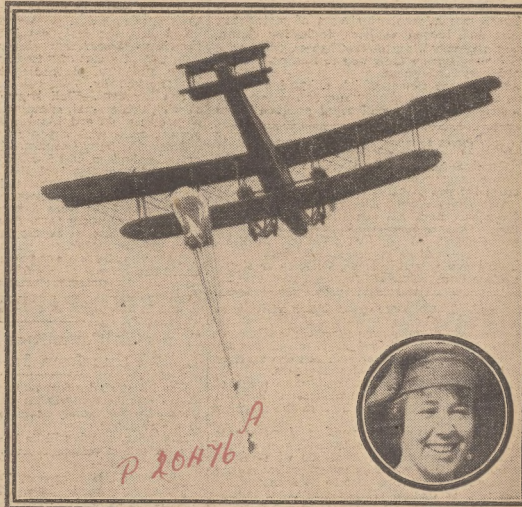
A father who took two of his children for a flight is photographed by his little daughter before going up.



Spectators interested in one of the aeroplanes.



Not so lucky as Miss Boyden. Parachutist lands on a tree.



Casting off from the aeroplane. Miss Boyden, the parachutist, in circle.



Watching others fly while waiting their turn. Thick leather coats and fur-lined leather caps are worn.

Father for a new experience, holiday-maker, journeyed to Cricklewood yesterday to book flights in the Handley-Page passenger machines. The majority were women, while many

children made their first aerial trip. Miss Sylvia Boyden thrilled a huge crowd by descending in a parachute from a height of 1,000ft. She made a perfect landing.



Among the passengers was Countess Hoey Stoker, a Japanese lady.

RECORD HOLIDAY: WAST CROWDS.

Queues of Enthusiasts Everywhere.

*PLENTY OF MONEY.

London Overwhelmed with Visitors—Hamstead's 1,500,000.

The sun came out yesterday to set the seal of success on the best Easter holiday enjoyed for many years—a great Peace Year festival for everyone.

Britain enjoyed itself with an ardent appetite after four years of war.

London, with its dense bands of pleasure seekers, including a mighty influx of visitors, led the way. Everywhere there were long queues for—

Buses	Theatres
Trams	Music-halls
Tubes	Cinema
Railways	Steamboats
Flying trips	The Zoo
Concerts	Museums

The crowds came thoroughly prepared. Nearly everyone took *The Daily Mirror's* advice to carry a packet of sandwiches, and at an early hour the parks, commons and country spots outside London were populated with enthusiastic holiday-makers.

All Bank Holiday records at Hamstead were beaten, the total number of visitors being estimated at a million and a half. The homeward queues at the tube stations were enormous. There was an early morning queue for the first bus to Hamstead from Somerset House. By ten o'clock 200 people had assembled at this point.

Over 700 passengers went to Epping Forest between 9.45 a.m. and noon.

Two-thirds of the fares for Brighton were for day trips.

It was curious to note the exceptionally long queue outside the Bakerloo station at the Elephant—men, women and children.

Some of the small streets of the great metropolis, who were bent on an Easter picnic in the country. Some of them carried small hampers of provisions.

There was plenty of money about. The only difficulty was to find means of spending it.

RUSH TO RIVERSIDE.

Motor-car Invasion of Surrey Commons—Hampton Court Crowds.

There was a constant stream of motor-cars, cycles and horsed vehicles, including charabancs, through Kingston-on-Thames, filled with holiday-makers on their way to Hampton Court and Hurst Park Races.

At Hampton Court, which enjoyed a record day, there was the usual "fun of the fair" on the green, the park and royal gardens being

WILL YOU BUY IT?

On Sunday next, April 27, Mr. George Robey is presenting a matinee at the Coliseum for the Printers' Pensions Fund. *The Daily Mirror* has given 100 guineas for a box, and if it can sell it again for a larger sum, a deserving cause—support for the children of printers who fell in the great war—will be helped still further. Will you buy it? If so, write to or ring up *The Daily Mirror*.

thronged. There were over 12,000 visitors to the State apartments.

On account of the strong stream, the river was not as largely patronised as is usual for the opening of the boating season, but the up-river launches carried plenty of passengers.

Sailing matches in the Teddington reach of the river attracted large numbers of holiday-makers, races taking place both in the morning and afternoon.

There was also a large number of motor-cars and cycles on the Portsmouth-road, en route for the Surrey commons, now ablaze with yellow gorse in full bloom, while many parties of boy scouts and girl guides were to be seen making their way to Oxshott Heath and other Surrey uplands.

SKY JOY-RIDES.

Women and Children Among the Flyers at Cricklewood.

Despite the cold wind and the absence of sunshine in the early morning, holiday-makers in search of a new experience flocked to Cricklewood Aerodrome in considerable numbers yesterday to book flights in the Handley Page passenger machines.

Several hundred people witnessed the ascent of the first machine at eleven o'clock, and at the luncheon interval nearly 160 people had paid for flights.

As on previous days, women were in the majority, while there were a considerable number of children among the passengers.

Parachute descents were made from an aeroplane by Professor Newell, who came down slowly in the middle of the ground, and by Miss Boyd, who landed just beside him.

Londoners a thousand strong passed into Mne. Tussaud's per hour. The queue outside at one time was so long that it reached down a



Margaret, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and the heiress to many millions, and English Miller, V.C., M.C., Reserve, whose wedding takes place to-day.

whole side street nearly to the entrance of Regent's Park.

Three hundred people watched the changing of the guard at Whitehall in the morning.

Beaconsfield's Statue called in our attention during the day. Knots of Colonial soldiers were admiring the wreaths.

Four hundred boats were let out on Regent's Park ornamental lakes in the course of the morning. A boat attendant estimated that a thousand people had been on the water.

A barge called the "Penny Struggler" was making three trips round the lakes an hour, carrying sixty boys and girls at a time.

Eighteen picnicking parties were camped out in a London park.

Cardiff has never experienced such an influx of visitors as was the case yesterday. Hotels and restaurants were unable to cope with the would-be patrons, who were often lined up in queues. At Rhyl there were queues for the entertainments.

Children Who Did Not See Some of the "Star Performers."

So many thousands of holiday-makers went to the Zoo yesterday—the queues outside the entrance gates at 1 p.m. were over half a mile long—that the majority of children saw very few animals except the elephants.

All the inmates of the Gardens rose to the occasion splendidly. It was the first real Bank Holiday crowd they had seen for four years.

Buns, nuts and fruit were showered on them—they stuffed until they sank back exhausted in their cases. Among the various "star" animal turns yesterday may be mentioned the following—

The new sea lions, who had only thirty hours for "rehearsal," were a splendid success. Visitors were standing twelve or more deep round their ponds all day.

Old Bill, the male sea lion, in addition to showing extraordinary cleverness in catching fish, played a sort of "touch" with his sisters, Katie and Jilly, pretending to bite them and barking joyfully.

The Mandrill—Well known as the Zoo Belshiev, this animal, stimulated as an avalanche of peanuts, showed himself as a clever quick-change artist with a paper bag for a hat.

Daisy, the Baby Leopard.—Most popular little actor in the Zoo, but few people could see her. Eventually, annoyed at the warty remarks of the crowd, she sulkily retired to her box.

The bears had the happiest day since the summer of 1914; were living targets for buns and apples, and proved this day; wild now be qualified as expert fielders at any first-class cricket match.

When the elephants came out in the afternoon enormous queues of children were waiting

to see the elephants. The elephants were waiting for the children.

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NO RABIES PANIC.

What To Do on Meeting Suspicious Looking Dog.

MUZZLING DAY TO-MORROW.

To-morrow your dog MUST be muzzled. The seven days of grace allowed by the authorities, during which a lead dog has been deemed to comply with the requirements of the Muzzling Order in the London area, expire to-night, and proceedings will be taken against owners of dogs unmuzzled after midnight. As already indicated, the muzzle must be of wire; leather is not regarded as an efficient substitute.

There is no "rabies panic," and the few innocuous dogs which a lead dog has been deemed to comply with the requirements of the Muzzling Order in the London area, expire to-night, and proceedings will be taken against owners of dogs unmuzzled after midnight.

A dog was noticed behaving in a strange and excited manner, snapping and foaming at the mouth, near the Grand Theatre, Fulham. A policeman's assistance was sought immediately, and the dog was destroyed.

After a very short chase he destroyed it. Subsequent examination, *The Daily Mirror* understands, showed that the dog was merely excited, and not suffering from rabies.

What Should I Do?—Setting aside any supposition that the whole affair may be a myth, everyone is confronted by the question—

"What should I do if I meet a mad dog?" In certain quarters a clever, and a merric glaze.

But it is no good glaring, because the dog glares too. And the dog and you and anybody stand immovably glaring at each other in the middle of Oxford-street!

Brutal, but Effective.—There is only one method—to face the rush of the rabid animal. Step back, but get near you. The dog will most certainly rush past, snapping at the air. Fetch him a neat clip behind the ear with a heavy stick and give his body to the police.

Little brutal, perhaps; but very simple and effective.

Spreading to Midlands?—A suspected dog was yesterday captured by the Nottingham police, and the Board of Agriculture has been apprised with a view to an order being issued for preventive measures.

Helped to Save Paris.

Jockey Carried Vital Dispatch Through Hun Lines in 1914.

Described as the man who helped to save Paris, Fred Mitchell, the jockey and rider, who was a dispatch rider in the French Army for nearly four years, and was taken prisoner five times, has just arrived in England on his way to France to get his discharge.

He carried through the German lines a dispatch secreted in the sole of his shoe calling for the mobilisation of taxis and all motor vehicles, by which the French Army was rapidly moved and the first Hun onrush stalled.

Earl as Labour Man.

Lord Kimberley Says He "Cannot Help Being a Peer."

The Earl of Kimberley, who has now definitely thrown in his lot with the Labour Party, has a remarkable speech at Weymouth (Norfolk), where he opened a new labour institute.

"I cannot help being a peer," said his Lordship, "but I am a Democrat, and whatever I can do to help the Labour Party I will do."

He said, "I hope to see, the Labour Party govern this country."

"Things must be so managed," said the Earl, "that everyone in the country has enough money to keep his family."

Lord Kimberley, who is fifty-eight, has always been an active political campaigner, and has taken a conspicuous interest in Norfolk county and municipal affairs. His beautiful seat, Kimberley House, near Weymouth, has been in possession of the family for some 500 years.

"THE VERY IDEA."

A Novelty in Farces Scores at St. Martin's.

There is something at least novel in an eugenic scheme as the basis of a farce. It at least lends a scientific flavour to the customary gallantries of this type of dramatic art.

Indeed, one may say that "The Very Idea," the farce produced by Mr. Albert de Courville at the St. Martin's Theatre last night, is quite a new idea, so far as farce is concerned.

Why Gilbert Goddard and his wife wanted a baby—by adoption—and how Alan Camp proposed to produce for them a theatrical baby are questions the public must solve for themselves on visiting the St. Martin's.

Last night's audience went into ecstasies of laughter. Among a spirit company of players Mr. Donald Ashrope is debonnaire in the sort of part one used to associate with the late Mr. Penley, and Miss Mary Glynn shows a distinct advance as a light comedy actress.

THOUSAND POUND SAFE ROBBERY.

Though no arrests have been made yet in connection with the robbery of a safe containing about £1,000 in notes from the Holborn Empire on Sunday, *The Daily Mirror* learns that the police have several important items of information, including a description of the car and the men concerned and fingerprints.

The robbery was carried out between one o'clock and half-past four on Sunday afternoon, these being the only hours that the theatre is left without a watchman.

NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

The French Bluebird, page 13; "Right" to end his own life, page 10.

BELA KUN SOUNDS THE TOCSIN.

Hungarian Reds Fear Rumanian Advance.

WORKMEN CONSCRIPTED.

COPENHAGEN, Monday.

A Budapest telegram of April 20 says:—The Central Soldiers', Workers' and Peasants' Council has decided on a war of defence on behalf of what has been acquired by the proletarian dictatorship and at the same time has decided that half the workmen in all trades shall take up arms to defend the authority of the proletariat against the Czech, Rumanian and Jugo-Slav troops.—Reuter.

Another telegram stated the Central Council's resolution provided that half the Government Council, half the Workers' Council and half the working-class should go to the front.

The Administrative Council is charged with the execution of this decision.

Bela Kun promised that all negotiations should be made public.—Reuter.

In his speech, Bela Kun said that hints had reached them from circles that if the proletariat would at least postpone socialisation the Entente's offensive would not take place. (Cries of "Never!")

A Government were to be established in Budapest which would undertake to restore the system of private property, and which would subdue the Hungarian proletariat to double exploitation by Entente and Hungarian capitalists, the Entente's offensive would not take place.

The other alternative, he declared, was action. Every proletarian who could be spared in Budapest must proceed to the front. (Prolonged cheers.)

THE TASK BEFORE THEM.

"You also know that the troops of the sister Republic, Russia, have crossed the frontiers of Eastern Galicia."

"You know that a part of these troops is marching on Cernowitz."

"Nevertheless this is assistance which is still distant."

"I repeat that provisionally we must rely on our own strength. To call this reactionary force into existence is the task which awaits you."—Reuter.

The Rumanian troops are acclaimed by the population of the towns.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

Father Offers Reward for Missing Daughter.

Mr. Burton, of 102, Howard-road, Walthamstow, offers a reward of £20 for information leading to the recovery of his fourteen-year-old daughter, Gladys Victoria Burton.

She has been missing since December 13, when she left home after dinner, apparently to go back to school. She did not reach the school, but was seen later in the day in a Midland train going from Black Horse-road Station.

As her father had been engaged in shell-making at Burslem, it is thought she may have intended visiting him, and subsequently lost her memory.

She is of stout build, has dark hair, with ringlets, wears gold rimmed spectacles, and had on a black and white check coat and skirt.

NEW SAVOY COMEDY.

"Potash" and "Perlmutter" in Role of Film Merchants.

How to run a moving picture business and make money out of films—by Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter. That was the theme of the new comedy, "Black Horse-road Pleasure," at the New Theatre last night.

As the promoters of a film company, Potash and Perlmutter (Mr. Augustus York and Mr. Robert Leonard) sent the house into roars of laughter. "All business is experience for film work," said Potash. "From soap, perfumery, to delicatessen!"

Engaging a stage vampire (Miss Julia Bruns) led to scenes of the most rollicking humour and fun.

The spirited acting of Mr. Willis Claire as a film actor greatly delighted the house.

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JULES VEDRINES KILLED—BERLIN COMES TO HEEL

LAST FLIGHT OF A FAMOUS AIRMAN.

Vedrine Killed While Flying to Rome.

AEROPLANE SMASHED.

Jules Vedrine, the famous French airman, and one of the pioneers of world aviation, has been killed.

M. Vedrine and his pilot, Air-Mechanic M. Guillaud, who lost his life at the same time, were flying from Paris to Rome.

They left Villacoublay at 6.30 yesterday morning, says Reuter. The weather was fine at the time, but a strong north wind was blowing.

The airman were signalled at Sens (East of Fontainebleau) 153.

But when they reached Les Fauillouilles (near St. Rambert, in the department of the Drome) an hour and a half later something evidently went wrong with the engine, which crashed to earth.

Both M. Vedrine and his pilot were instantly killed, their machine being smashed to bits.

It is believed that the machine collapsed in the air, says a Wireless Press message. The airman fell from a great height, and death was instantaneous.

A mail packet which Vedrine was conveying to Rome was found amongst the debris of the machine.

Vedrine was flying in his aeroplane Cloche. He intended to reach Rome via Mont Blanc.

The distance from Paris to Rome as the crow flies is about 700 miles, and when M. Vedrine and his companion came to grief they had covered about 300 miles and were approaching the Swiss border.

MAKER OF AIR RECORDS.

Jules Vedrine was an airman of world-wide fame. In 1911 he won the Paris-Madrid race and made a record for speed in crossing the English Channel, which he accomplished in thirty minutes.

He came in second in the 1911 air race, and completed the 1,010 miles' flight round Great Britain in 25½ hrs. 54s.

In January, 1912, he attained a speed of 105½ miles an hour—a world's record.

In aerial "stunts" he performed a record in January of this year, when he won the prize of £1,000 offered to the first airman to land on a roof.

Flying over the grand boulevards he shut off his engine and landed safely on the roof of the big emporium, the Galleries Lafayette.

The famous airman did much fine work connected with the war. He undertook many perilous aerial journeys into Germany, piloting men into enemy territory and also spending various periods in gaining invaluable information and destroying important places with bombs.

He was awarded the Legion of Honour, the Military Medal and several brilliant citations in Army Orders.

AIRMEN BAFFLED BY ATLANTIC WEATHER.

Another Postponement, with Prospects of Further Delay.

The tantalising weather conditions on the Atlantic—good here, bad there, never right all the way—have caused another postponement of the Atlantic flight. As new fog clouds are banking up off Newfoundland further delays are not unlikely.

St. John's (Newfoundland), Monday. There will be no start for the transatlantic flight to-day, the latest reports showing that the weather conditions in mid-ocean are worse than they were yesterday.—Reuter.

The winds are now very favourable for the flight, and the weather on the whole, though greatly diminish the risks attending a forced descent, says the Air Ministry report, issued last evening. The increasing cloudiness, however, will render conditions less satisfactory.

Near Newfoundland itself, and on its eastern side, the surface winds are north-west, and the fog is dispersing.

The Daily Mirror special correspondent at St. John's, Newfoundland, cables when Mr. Hawker made his first trial flight the Sopwith machine was taken for a "peculiar bird," with a fearful voice, and people said their prayers with fear and trembling.

New York, Sunday (received Monday). The probable date of departure of the American airman has not yet been announced.—Reuter.

SPEECH FROM THE AIR.

By means of a wireless telephone and a sound amplifier, says Reuter, 15,000 people in Washington heard President Wilson's speech delivered by an airman when flying at 2,600ft.

There was a record rush for the "Victory" Liberty Loan, opened yesterday. The estimate for New York at noon yesterday was \$29,000,000.

Germany Telegraphs to Foch That "6 High Personages Will Now Go to Versailles."

ITALIAN PEACE CRISIS STILL UNSETTLED.

Italy and Fiume.—A critical situation developed in Paris yesterday regarding the Italian claims to Fiume. President Wilson did not attend the Allied Council, and the American delegates were preparing to issue a public statement. A Rome message foreshadows "grave decisions" by Italy if her claims fail.

Berlin Comes to Heel.—Berlin has replied to the Allies' note reminding them that "messengers" could not be received at Versailles. The German Government now telegraphs that "six high personages, headed by Brockdorff-Rantzau, are coming," but adds that they cannot arrive until April 28. The summons was for April 25, and the "high personages" might well be told to get there by that time.

WILSON BANS "SECRET" TREATY OF LONDON.

Americans Ready to Issue a Statement.

THREATS FROM ROME.

PARIS, Monday.

The Fiume question reached a crisis to-day when President Wilson refrained from attending the Council of Four in order to consult the American delegation concerning the advisability of issuing a public statement on the subject.

The President is determined to avoid any recognition of the secret treaty of London.

It was unanimously decided by the American delegation that a public statement should be issued if the deadlock continued throughout the day.

The Temps says:—The object of the meeting attended by Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, Signor Orlando, Mr. Balfour, M. Pichon and Baron Sonnino was to find a common basis of agreement between the Italian and American points of view in regard to Italy's claims in the Adriatic. The discussion was resumed in the afternoon.—Reuter.

A FIRM TONE.

While there may be no truth, says Reuter, in the reports that Mr. Wilson has withdrawn from the discussion, it is undoubtedly true that he has adopted a very firm tone with regard both to the Italian claim to Fiume and to certain parts of the Treaty of London of 1915.

He holds that a treaty to which America was, of course, not a party, and which did not deal with Fiume, cannot be carried out in its entirety without serious danger, because of the large population of Slavs who would, in that case, be handed over to Italy against their will.

France and Great Britain, bound by their signatures, support the Italian claims as far as these are based on the Treaty of London.

Italians Unyielding.—Other messages state that the Italian delegation on Saturday night, after a satisfactory solution of the Adriatic question had been reached, suddenly stiffened, insisted on the outright possession of Fiume—although it is not mentioned in the Pact of London—the ground that the majority of the people demanded union with Italy.

French diplomatic circles assume that the fact that America was not a party to the Pact of London is the President's motive in leaving the signatories to settle the problem among themselves.

Another Threat from Rome.—The following statement is made by the *Popolo Romano* and is transmitted by the Exchange Rome correspondent:—

Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino will not partake in the Versailles meeting with the German delegates if Italy's claims are not recognised, but will return on the 23rd, when Parliament will meet to discuss the situation and probably come to grave decisions.

Compromise Foreshadowed.—The *Petit Parisien* (quoted by Reuter) says: "No final decision has yet been come to, but progress is being made towards a solution that will give satisfaction to Italy on the coast of Dalmatia in the form of naval bases."

The George Washington is to return to the United States with troops.

President Wilson will sail at some date between May 20 and June 1.—Exchange.

BERLIN'S ANSWER.

"Six High Personages," with Rantzau at Head, to Come.

It has been officially announced that a telegram was received late last night by Marshal Foch in reply to that sent on Sunday by the Council of Four to the German Government. The telegram states that the German delegation will comprise six high personages, at the



Lord St. Germans, whose motor-car vanished.

Signor Orlando, who is voicing Italy's claims.

head of which will be Brockdorff Rantzau. The delegation cannot arrive before the 28th.

It is understood, says a Central News message, that the secretariats of the British and American delegations are preparing a summary of the Treaty for publication in the Press as soon as the signatures are affixed.

A split is no longer to be feared, 6,000 words.

The Drafting Committee, says the Exchange, is hard at work on the hundreds of articles in the Preliminary Peace Treaty, so as to have it ready if possible by Friday.

The number of members of the committee has been increased. The clauses relating to reparations and financial undertakings were being completed last night.

The *Liberte* says:—

Germany would like to enter into a maze of procedure and to make use of any means of procrastination in the hope of bringing about a split between the Allies.

The German Press talks of counter-proposals to the Peace Treaty, says the Central News, declares that if negotiations are not allowed then "we will not sign."

However, the fact that the Germans are now sending "high personages" instead of "messengers," shows that the Allies' firm attitude soon brought them to heel.

PARIS, Monday.

A responsible French source announces that good progress is being made with the scheme for defensive alliance between Great Britain, France and the United States, under which they will agree to take immediate military and naval action should Germany break the Peace Treaty so far as it affects the proposed demilitarised zone east of the Rhine.

The Alliance Treaty will be an open one, and will apply only to this Rhine area.—Reuter.

HUN SPIES IN EGYPT.

PARIS, Monday.

The *Matin* remarks that the present German Foreign Minister, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, has effectively reorganised the German espionage system in Switzerland, with the aid of ample credits, the funds stolen by the Young Turks and the millions sent by Lenin.

The same newspaper learns that certain Egyptian agitators are acting at the instigation of the German Foreign Minister, who thus thinks he can disturb public opinion and delay the conclusion of peace.—Reuter.

"SEEMLINESS 4 LONDON."

Above is the War Office telegraphic address to which local authorities wishing to give a civic reception to returning cadres of units should send a rough outline of their proposals immediately on the publication of the impending receipt of the units.

As in the men's own interests they will be dispersed as quickly as possible after their arrival, it is essential that any reception contemplated should take place immediately after the home-coming.

TRIUMPHAL ADVANCE OF "THE DAILY MIRROR."

Our Circulation Nearing Million per Day.

"YOU SEE THE NEWS."

The forthcoming Atlantic flight is but another reminder that we live in a record-breaking age.

The world is becoming more wonderful every day, and the allies of progress—science, skill and organisation—pass from victory to victory.

In this great triumphal progress pictorial journalism is playing a leading part. It is continually setting up new records.

The circulation of *The Daily Mirror*, for instance, grows larger and larger every month, and is now rapidly approaching a million copies per day.

The Daily Mirror possesses the largest circulation of any daily pictorial newspaper in the world and the largest circulation but one of any newspaper published in Great Britain.

Here are some wonderful figures:—

For the month of July, 1918, the average daily circulation of Britain's leading picture paper (exclusive of free and complimentary copies) was 758,039 copies.

Since then the circulation of *The Daily Mirror* has been steadily rising. Here are the latest returns:—

1919.	Copies.
JANUARY 1	804,371
FEBRUARY 1	840,938
MARCH 1	891,816
APRIL 1	925,575

In four months the circulation of *The Daily Mirror* has increased by 121,204 copies per day.

What is the secret of this wonderful success? Why is it that *The Daily Mirror* is the paper that everybody wants?

The answer is that when you buy *The Daily Mirror* you not only read the news—you literally see the news.

The Daily Mirror is a newspaper which appeals to every home. It makes a special feature of subjects that interest women.

Every picture in *The Daily Mirror*, too, tells a story, every story a picture.

That is why its circulation goes on rising; why it is rapidly reaching a MILLION copies every day.

The following table shows its wonderful progress during the last three weeks:—

1919.	Copies.
APRIL 1	925,575
" 2	926,325
" 3	924,242
" 4	925,273
" 5 (Beauty No., 20 pages)	1,393,357
" 6	925,557
" 7	947,552
" 8	952,409
" 9	948,296
" 10	950,664
" 11	964,253
" 12	946,468
" 13	948,209
" 14	950,458
" 15	953,993
" 16	No publication.
" 17	964,442
" 18 Good Friday	No publication.
" 19	964,442

These remarkable figures are eloquent testimony to the popularity of *The Daily Mirror*—the picture paper that has beaten all records in pictorial journalism, the paper in which you see the news. All the pictures and all the news always is *The Daily Mirror's* motto.

SEBASTOPOL HAS NOT FALLEN TO "REDS."

Bolshevist Advance in Crimea Said To Have Stopped.

PARIS, Monday.

The *Journal des Debats* publishes a telegram from Salonika of yesterday's date, according to which not only has Sebastopol not been taken by the Bolsheviks, but hostilities appear to have ceased for the time being in the southern part of the Crimea.—Reuter.

"Reds" Siberian Reverses.—The *Daily Mirror* learns that an official telegram from Omsk, dated April 14, and received in London yesterday, reports that the Siberian troops have captured the towns of Belebey and Menzelinsk (on an affluent of the Kama, 135 miles north-west of Ufa).

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

South-Eastern England.—Light or moderate north-east or east winds; fine, but rather cold.

GROCEERS BUTCHERS DAIRYMEN

Exceptional
Offer

EXTRA
GOOD
WHITE

WRAPPING PAPER.

Size 20in. by 30in.

Per **8/6** Ream

(516 Sheets, 26 lbs.)

Packed in 2-ream Bales.

Size 17½in. by 22½in.

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Write

Mr. WINSTON HILLIER,
210, ELMS ROAD,
CLAPHAM, S.W.4

DOG OWNERS PREFER KILLING TO MUZZLE.

Pantechnicons of 'Strays'
Taken to London Home.

"READY FOR OUTBREAK."

The Muzzling Order has apparently rung the death-knell of many English dogs. "Many people would rather have their dogs killed than muzzled," the secretary of the Battersea Dogs' Home told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Since the new order came into force we have been simply inundated with stray dogs. Our vans have been insufficient to cope with them, and the police stations, of which some thirty had had stray dogs for about three days, were compelled to requisition furniture vans and pantechnicons to bring the wanderers to us. "On Thursday we had a stream of people who wanted their pets 'put down,' and though I was anxious to find homes for the dogs the owners would not hear of such a thing, and we 'put down' over 160 animals, many of them of good breed.

"So far," added the secretary, "we have had no cases of rabies, but should such a thing occur we have prepared quarantine cells and are quite ready to deal with an outbreak. "The infected dog would be immediately isolated. We should notify the authorities, and if necessary all the dogs which had been near the affected one would be destroyed."

CAUSE OF OUTBREAK.

"Too Easy for Dogs To Be Brought Into the Country Direct from Trenches."

"The fact that the railway authorities refused to allow dogs on the trains has also made us busy, for, although we do not, as a rule, board dogs, we have done all that we could to help those people who had arranged to spend Easter in the country and had nowhere to leave their pets.

"I cannot say that I am really surprised at this outbreak of rabies. "It has been much too easy for dogs to be brought into this country, many of them straight from the trenches."

"A soldier came to me one day to ask my advice about having his dog put in quarantine. "He had made inquiries in France, but had been unable to get any information, and was told to bring the dog to London and then see about it.

"He was only one of eighteen men who brought dogs, and I very much doubt whether any one of the remaining seventeen bothered their heads about quarantine.

"That unobstructed account for the outbreak in different parts of the country.

"I was so pleased at the amount of trouble he had taken and his honesty in the matter that I arranged for the dog to be quarantined free of charge.

"Since the revocation of the food order we have been able to resume our old custom of keeping the dogs for seven days before we either find another home for them or have them destroyed."

TEACHERS' 10s. A WEEK.

N.U.T. President on "Disgrace" to Nation: Porters Better Off.

In his presidential address, delivered at the N.U.T. Conference at Cheltenham, yesterday, Mr. W. P. Folland, L.C.C. School, Cator-street, Peckham, referring to the financial status of the teacher, said more than 300 teachers were actually receiving as little as 10s. per week and that, too, in war time, and as many as 8,628 certificated men and women were working for less than £2 per week and over 71,000 for less than £3 per week.

A teacher at the Oldham School was worse paid than the railway porter or the carman. Criticising the L.C.C.'s "tardily-given" increases and the large increases given to education officials, the president asked: "Was a typist or a clerk in the Education Office doing more important work for the ratepayers of London than the teacher who was teaching their children?"

"SOCIAL COMMONWEALTH."

"Only Solution of Labour Problem," Says Mr. Philip Snowden.

"The only solution of the labour and social problem was the establishment of the Socialist commonwealth."

Thus Mr. Philip Snowden yesterday at the annual conference of the Independent Labour Party at Huddersfield.

"We are no party of violence. An intelligent and unselfish democracy need not in a country like ours resort to methods of violence to attain its aims."

Mr. Snowden had previously said that during the past year 139 new branches of the Independent Labour Party had been formed, and that the membership had been increased by 11,000.

Resolutions demanding the release of the four men imprisoned after the Glasgow riots, the withdrawal of troops from Ireland, and condemning British intervention in Russia were carried.

WHAT TO WEAR IN AIR

Best Outfit for Prospective Passengers During Summer Months.

LEATHER COMBINATION SUITS.

With the lifting of the ban on civilian flying on May 1 it is highly probable that, weather permitting, many enthusiasts will realise their long-cherished ambition to take joy rides in the air.

What to wear will doubtless be a puzzle, for ordinary heavy clothing would be a poor protection against the cold winds of the upper regions.

"We have received many orders from various aerodromes for passenger suits, doubtless for the use of civilian fliers," *The Daily Mirror* was informed at a large West End motor-equipment establishment.

"The most popular type of outfit is a wool-lined leather coat, which can easily be slipped on and provides sufficient protection for a passenger.

"We are also supplying combination suits in leather and in thick material, but these are rather inconvenient for short flights, and are really unnecessary for the passenger who takes no part in the control of the machine."

The caps are distinctly cosy and attractive. In brown leather, lined with fur or wool, or in lined mackintosh material, they have little rolls under the ears, which act as buffers for the wind.

ABUSED MR. BOTTOMLEY.

Hyde Park Orator Fined for Insulting Behaviour.

A Hyde Park orator named Philip-Lewis, of Highbury, was at Marlborough-street yesterday charged with insulting behaviour whereby a breach of the peace might have occurred.

On Sunday evening the accused, according to the evidence, was in Hyde Park addressing a crowd. He abused Mr. Bottomley and others, and added: "Ninety per cent. of the persons that have received titles are hypocrites," and that he did not care if detectives were present and took him.

As the crowd began booing and hissing, accused was taken into custody.

Lewis denied using the words imputed to him, and said the meeting was quite orderly. He was stated to have been previously fined for a similar offence, and the magistrate imposed a fine of £2.

BREAD AT £2 A POUND.

Dire Plight of Bolshevik Russia—Exorbitant Prices for Everything.

Official information has been received in London that the food situation in Bolshevik Russia is very bad.

Practically all food-supplies are delivered against cards, but nearly everything can be obtained without cards at exorbitant prices. Unofficial prices for the various necessities of life are extortionate.

Bread, barley or rye is from fifteen to twenty roubles a peck, meat, twenty to twenty-five roubles a pound, butter ninety to 100 roubles a pound and bacon seventy-five roubles a pound.

Eggs, which are extremely scarce, are three and a half roubles each and oats are from 200 to 250 roubles per peck (3½lb.). A hare costs from sixty to ninety roubles, and a goose 600 roubles.

(The value of a rouble in English currency is about 2s. 1½d.)

HOUSES BY THE 100,000.

Birmingham May Start Building in May on a 20 Years' Job.

Birmingham has taken in hand its housing problem. The Housing and Town Planning Committee of the City Council are of opinion that it will be necessary to build 5,000 houses per annum during the next twenty years.

Nine hundred acres of land suitable for housing is already in the possession of the Corporation, and at the rate of ten or twelve houses per acre this will provide sufficient sites for about two years to come.

There is a good prospect that the erection of houses will begin next month.

Meantime the committee is paying attention to private estates where frontages are already in existence with a view to possible purchase.

A TRAGIC BLUNDER.

Manslaughter Charge Against Doctor and Hospital Attendant.

A tragic case of the taking of carbolic acid by mistake is now being investigated at Liverpool, where Jose Maria do Pinedo, ship's doctor, and Francis Copeland Dawson, hospital attendant on the steamship Darro, have been remanded, charged with the manslaughter of James W. Eastwood, a ship's boy.

The boy died at sea in February last after taking, it is alleged, a dose of carbolic acid given him for a slight ailment.

Evidence was given that prior to Eastwood's death a fireman was given carbolic acid, but recovered.



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Wonderful New
Vanishing Cream

Neville's Eau de Cologne Vanishing Cream, the new toilet specific that creates the beautiful modelled face complexion, has taken women everywhere by storm. Extraordinary demands have proved its undoubted popularity.

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is a scientific success in the perfect blending of the finest triolein distilled from 'Cologne' (an unrivalled skin tonic) with a pure emollient skin cream.

Invaluable in all cases of
SHINY SKIN. SUN BURN. RED ROUGH HANDS. SALLOW COMPLEXION. WIND CHAFING.

Neville's Eau de Cologne Vanishing Cream is sold in dainty coloured art jars at—
1/3, 1/6, 3/6, 5/-.

Ask your Chemist to obtain it for you if he does not get stock it, or write direct to—
PARFUMERIE NEVILLE (PARIS),
Acton, London, W.3.
Telephone: Chiswick 109.

LET ME CURE YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR FOR EVER AS I CURED MINE.

Sacred Secret Banished It For Ever, Root and All. After Electricity and Many Depilatories Had Failed.

I WILL TELL YOU HOW FREE.

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. I tried one thing after another without success. The electric current, wax, and depilatories.

Finally my husband, a noted Surgeon and an Officer in the British Army, secured from a Native Hindoo Soldier (whose life he saved) the closely guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which forbids Hindoo women to have the slightest trace of hair except on the head. I used it and in a few days my hair growths had entirely disappeared. Today not a trace of it can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. I will send Free and without obligation to any one full information so that you can follow my example to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and send me coupon below or copy of it today with your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is that you send me 2 stamps to cover my outlay for postage. I will also send you other valuable beauty secrets free, as soon as published. Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamps.
Mrs. HUDSON: Please send me full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair, also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address: Mrs. Hudson, Dept. A 129, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

NICKEL SILVER WATCHES
Delivered on First Payment of Only 2/- Watch whilst paying for it.

Gen's full-size Railway-time-keeping Keyless Lever Watch. Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidised Duralumin and Duralumin cases. Chain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid Time-keeper. Prior or wrist 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark), 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist Chain cover WE will send either of these 2/- After receiving Watch, you send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the remaining 11/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. 5 years warranty given with every watch.

To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 6d. extra for postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in relation.

THE LEVER WATCH CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 25),
42a, Stockwell Green, London, S.W.9.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1919.

NO NEXT TIME?

JUST before the Peace Treaty, due for the end of the week, it is a good thing to remind people why it is that American influence under President Wilson has been so powerful at the Conference.

Newspapers—even Labour newspapers—have regretted the fact. Was it because America did more and suffered more in the war?

Obviously America suffered far less than any big belligerent except Japan.

No: it was because Wilson brings to the problems of Europe an impartial mind, not torn by past hatred and the agony of old Dynastic greed. It is because of this detachment that he has been able to keep one thing before him—no more wars. And Mr. Lloyd George too has said it—there must be no next time.

Inevitably the others—or certain others—think of security and power: old terms leading to war, since they mean, "Let us get into such a good position that we shall win the next war." Whatever his defects, Wilson has seen further than that.

At least, let us hope so! We may know in a few days.

PRECIOUS LIFE.

WE have just lived through a period when millions of men have been swept out of existence through the fault and at the bidding of a few. Coincident with or consequent upon this came the pneumonic plague, sweeping off other and more millions. At the same time, the Allied Blockade is responsible every day for the deaths of hundreds of old men and women and young children in the lands affected, while the revolutionary violence in Russia and the counter-revolutionary reprisals in Finland are the causes of thousands and thousands of violent deaths in those countries.

In truth, we are forcibly reminded just now, in the season of new life, that "the dead rule over the living because they are so vastly in the majority."

Isn't it surprising then, isn't it very odd, to hear the amazing fuss made over such a principle as that discussed by the coroner in a recent inquest over a suicide? Has an utterly miserable pain-racked man the right to take his life? The Greeks, the Romans, the modern Japanese—many races and many men—have fearlessly answered "Yes." We, here and now, in the modern world and in the West, say "No." We become suddenly struck with horror and moral indignation over one weary life willingly lost, and endure the unwilling deaths of millions of fine men calmly. Similarly, we make lamentation over, say, the recorded death of one infant, and let thousands of infants die from preventable causes every year.

Why is it? Is it merely imbecility? Is it general callousness which becomes occasional pity?

No; it is lack of imagination. The coroner's inquest brings a thing home to us. An individual case stands out and is understood. We don't think in thousands. Millions only make statistics. Hence, this strange habit of protecting even one unhappy life out of principle, while in practice we let millions go to their doom, through not taking thought to prevent it.

W. M.

APRIL—A YEAR AGO.

Now, day by day, with labour oft unceasing,
The year fights through to summer. Here and now
The pale but slowly bursts the blackened bough,
Casts off the husk, and stands up straight and green.
Long, very long, the winter months have been.
But God, with need of waiting, doth endow
His gift of patience; and would teach us now
We, too, must pass through months of hardship lean.
Waiting and striving, till with dauntless heart
We stand to greet life's summer. Day by day,
Often complaining, we are surely led
To greet a deathless beauty—what time they
Who have accomplished, the all glorious deed,
Shine forth like stars, and point us to the way.
—Rex Frazee.

THE FIRST SPRING HOLIDAY SINCE THE WAR

WHAT TOWN LEARNS BY A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

By CONSTANCE INGRAM.

ONE cannot help being glad that the town-bred population has had the chance, at last, of a brief change to the country.

However admirably managed our great cities may be—and transit, at least, has gone to pieces utterly in the war—the wear and tear of town life to the nervous system is extreme, and can only be repaired in the country.

It is not that we achieve quiet—wherever a crowd goes it takes its own noise with it—but it is the wider outlook that comes with a wider horizon which benefits us. Besides, it should be part of our development to learn about the life of the fields. A townsman may

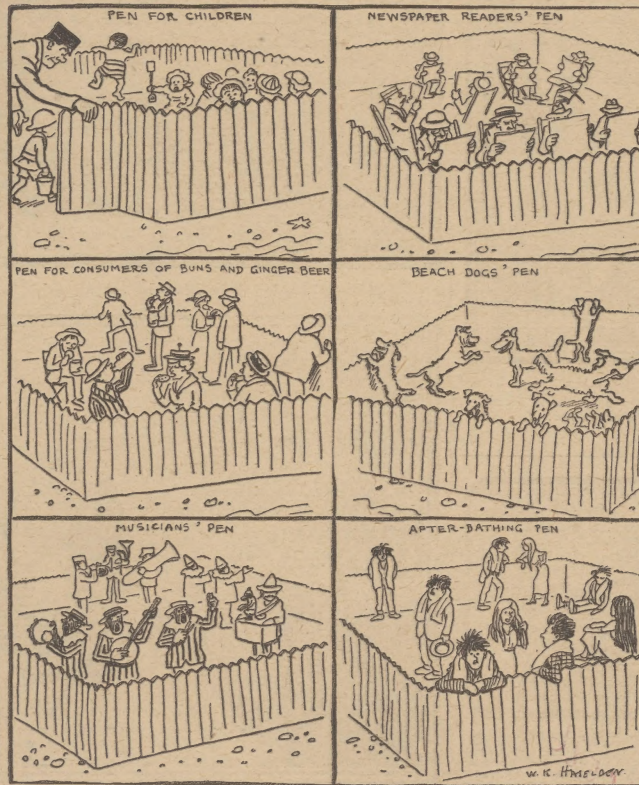
or grow in the open. Are they, I wonder, quite certain that the banana is not to be picked off a quickset hedge? Some folk, if they stay in town too long, get frightened of country sounds. A woman I talked to this Easter could not stand the whirring of the nightjar, and that though she had come from London when bombs were showering. "Take me away!" she cried. "Bird? Go on with yer! There ain't never been no such a bird as that!"

So with the harmless cow. Mooing over a fence in mild hopes of being milked she is called "an outrageous bull." "Come away, children, unless you want to be tossed in yer gore!"

THAT WAS!

An elderly lady had to be rescued on Saturday, when crossing a field, from a sportive goat that Theocritus might have sung about. It was dancing round her on its hind legs, towering above her, waving sharp hoofs in the air, unable to understand why she received its advances by beating at it with an ineffectual

"ALL TOGETHER"—A NEW INTERPRETATION.



We remarked yesterday that holidays need not be taken all together. But perhaps they ought to be—in a new way? That is, all classes of holiday taste together?

Be as sharp and intelligent as he likes about his own things; it will avail him little if he is crassly ignorant about the things of the country. Nothing is more narrowing to the spirit than to know nothing of Nature in her manifestations, of plants and birds and beasts. She must be quietly studied at first hand. He who goes howling through the country on a bike, or raising clouds of dust and hooting in a motor car will never know her as she should be known.

And what is more regrettable than that ignorance? A townsman, who was visiting a young woman in the country yesterday asked her whether she had planted the hundred-year-old pine trees on her estate. Undeterred by a sharp reply to this tactless query, he next demanded if she had planted the rhododendrons, they being at last fifty years old, as he might easily have seen. When such people go back to work they write of birds that sing in August or make their heroines discover a brood of young swallows in November. Perhaps they find a cuckoo's nest, or, indeed, a mare's nest, who knows?

Or perhaps Moses in the bulrushes! They have vague ideas about vegetables, because they buy them in Covent Garden, but I doubt if they know when beans are forced

parasol. If his mood was bucolic, hers certainly was not.

On another holiday, one summer, I remember a stout boy was seen running frantically from a cockchafer, shrieking: "Oh, the wasp! the wasp!" That was before the war. All boys are brave now, even when they go to the country.

Londoners have more opportunity than most town-dwellers of becoming acquainted with some aspects of rural life, because of their parks and gardens; but some of the great manufacturing cities are not so fortunate. There is an atmosphere in which every green blade withers, and "no birds sing."

Only in the country can man find his level and get rid of an inflated idea of his own importance.

When the sea is in an angry mood and great waves are beating over his frail defences man need not be a King Canute to realise that there is a Force outside himself to be accounted for and to which he, perhaps, must account. His quarrels fade in importance and his obstinacy vanishes.

Though we must have a modest confidence in our own powers, only unpleasant people are cocksure.

The country helps us out of that attitude.

BUDGET HINTS.

LAST SUGGESTIONS AND WARNINGS FOR THE CHANCELLOR.

MERRY WIDOWS.

CERTAINLY the "merry widow" should be taxed, and taxed heavily.

Nowadays, when there are not enough men to go round, a woman should be pleased and contented at having secured one husband.

If she is not, and wishes to act as a traitor to her own sex by robbing some unfortunate single girl of the chance of ever marrying, then let her pay heavily for it. MATRIMONY.

THE BACHELOR TAX AGAIN.

BEFORE placing a tax on bachelors, it would be well to remember:—

1. That bachelors were the first expected to join the colours.

2. The bachelor, having no dependents, had no separation allowances, nor did he saddle the State with the cost of keeping a widow or orphans for years, which will cost millions to keep married men's (who were killed) wives and children.

3. We seem to be approaching the time when the State will entirely keep all children in everything they want.

4. People who recklessly enter into marriage without heed or thought for the future seem to expect the State to provide homes and money ad lib. at the expense of the bachelor. This only causes further waste and recklessness.

5. The State is not yet exactly a benevolent institution.

Marriage is a luxury; the people entering into it do so for their own personal comfort and happiness and not for patriotic purposes, as they would like us to believe. A SAILOR.

MORE NEW TAXES.

IT is reported that the Government has made about ten millions profit on air raid insurance—paid for security.

Why not a tax on household goods, based on the declared insurable value?

This would, in the most simple manner, rope in the other suggestions of a tax on pianos, pictures, china, jewellery, etc., and be easily ascertainable.

Moreover, it appears to be just. JOHN T. WHITE.

SMOKING IN CHURCH.

SOMEONE will soon suggest having a whisky and soda, a book and a meal while in church.

Perhaps the vicar who does not object to it would like to have a pipe or two during his sermon?

There are not many places kept sacred nowadays, but let us set church aside as a building where for an hour or so we abstain from our every-day habits. M. J. F.

Spring Hill, Henfield, Sussex.

BYWAY SERPENTS.

QUITE rightly the Canadian sergeant down Sussex way hasn't been content with scotching (i.e., notching) a four-foot green adder which he met.

Some of St. Patrick's admirers will have it that he cleared Ireland of snakes; but I hold that, like Macbeth, the saint must have "scotched the snake, not killed it."

Keats of Hampstead described a serpent "striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard, eyed like a peacock, and all crimson-barred": their best fate is the Zoo, however, or prompt extermination.

To the Easter tourist of green byways other than Bethnal let me offer the story of a lost chance at snake slaying. I take it from a quaint book that I have that was printed at Oxford in 1616:—

"The other Genius, which is supposed to have chieft power over high waies and places, being therefore called Genius loci, was pictured in the forme of a snake, in which forme Virgil faintly hints to have appeared to Æneas, when he performed the funeral rites due unto his father Anchises: Adytus-cum lubricus anguis ab imis, etc. (When a slimy snake from the deep cavern came trailing seven long coils, seven rings, gently circling the tomb, and gliding round the altars)."

Æneas stood aghast at the sight and let it go. His comrades missed their chance. Perhaps they all felt that Genius loci is all right in its way, but that a snake bite is not the very best prescription of geniality; though they did not wish this last at the tomb of their loved leader's father. (Rev.) HUGH POWELL.

Ware.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 21.—Mustard and cress should be sown about once a fortnight throughout the summer. The following is a simple method of raising a good crop. A shallow box should be filled with ordinary soil; press this down firmly and give a good watering. Then scatter the seed evenly over the surface and gently press it into the mould.

The box must be placed in a sunny frame, greenhouse or near a warm wall, covered with brown paper. When the seeds germinate expose to the light and give water freely.

Sow the mustard a few days after the cress. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is the property of things seen for the first time, or for the first time after long, like the flowers in spring, to reawaken in us the sharp edge of sense and that impression of mystic strangeness which otherwise passes out of life with the coming of years; but the sight of a loved face is what renews a man's character from the fountain upwards.—R. L. Stevenson.

GENERAL PERSHING'S SON.



Warren Pershing, the fourteen-year-old son of General Pershing, with Sergeant Joseph A. Welz, Croix de Guerre. The boy, who is an only child, will arrive on this side shortly on a visit to his father. Sergeant Welz is his guardian.



TWO R.R.C.s.—Miss Amy Hill, twice decorated by the King. In 1917 she received the Royal Red Cross, Second Class; now she has received the R.R.C. First Class.



SAVED PLAYMATE.—Gladys Belfield, aged six, of Runcorn, awarded certificate of the Liverpool Humane Society for saving Susan Shaw, aged seven, from drowning.

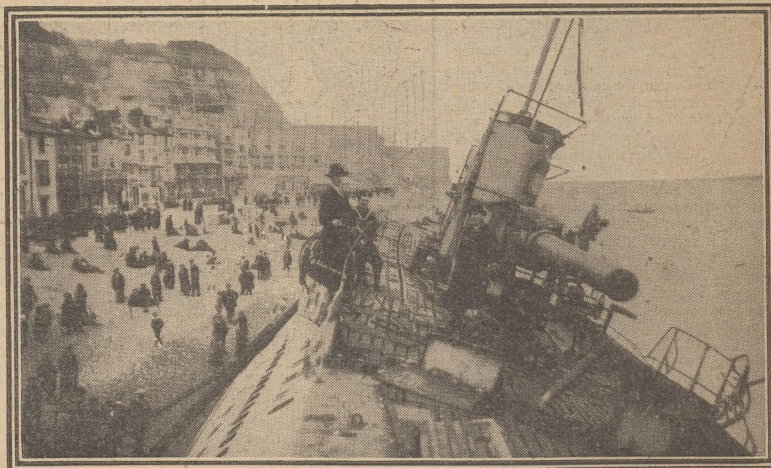


DOG FINDS PLOVERS' EGGS.—This animal, which is specially trained, takes part in the search, and, as seen, has found four of these delicacies.

U-BOAT PROVES GREAT ATTRACTION AT HASTINGS



The crowd looking at the submarine, which was washed on the beach quite close to the front.



The U-boat high and dry. She broke away while in tow. Note the gun and the damage done by waves.



JOURNALIST'S WEDDING.—Lieutenant R. S. Eckersley, M.C., of the Bolton Evening News, and his bride, Miss Broom, leaving the church.



EASTER AWHEEL.—A snapshot taken on a country road near London. The old push-bicycle has not lost its popularity.

OUR NEGLECTED INLAND WATERWAYS.

IDLE CANALS AND THE TRANSPORT PROBLEM.

By OUR LABOUR CORRESPONDENT

An article that points out the urgent need for reorganising our cheapest means of transport.

AS a member of the National Committee for Relief in Belgium, and also of the Commission for the Relief of the Belgians in Holland, I had many opportunities of seeing the immense value of the Dutch and Belgian waterways during this war.

I have no hesitation whatever in saying that hundreds of thousands of Belgians would have died had it not been for the canals of Holland and Belgium.

There were times when all connection by rail ceased owing to German military operations, and without the broad and deep canals of Belgium the people must inevitably have starved.

One of the reforms to which the Labour Party attaches great importance is the nationalisation of our inland waterways.

The Bill introduced to the House of Commons which gives Sir Eric Geddes control of all forms of transportation, including canals, is a move in the right direction.

The question that we have to ask is how to get the utmost economic value out of our waterways, and it is a question which we ought to have answered long ago.

BRITISH CANALS.

England has had to suffer very severely in the contest with Continental competitors simply because she has been hopelessly handicapped by railway influence and financial interests.

Water transport is extremely cheap, and it could be made much cheaper if our canals were improved and if the method of haulage at the same time were entirely changed. But even with the old method of haulage by horse there is a great advantage over other methods of carriage, for a horse by road can only draw about two tons, but on a canal he can haul from fifty to eighty.

Motor or electric haulage would enormously increase the saving and the speed. The heavier the load the cheaper it would be.

There is another very great advantage in waterway carriage, especially if the canals are wide and deep enough to give some sort of resemblance to sea conditions. That advantage is the reduction of cost of transhipment and handling.

In England only 6 per cent. of the total inland traffic goes by water, whereas in Belgium before the war 45 per cent. was carried by the canals and rivers.

In France the water-borne traffic has increased during the last quarter of a century twice as fast as the railway traffic, while in Germany it has increased fivefold, although railway-borne traffic has increased four-fold at the same time.

WHAT THE FOREIGNER DOES.

We have several illustrations of efficient and successful British canals, including the Manchester Ship Canal, but the trouble is that there is no uniformity of size, of depth, of management, or interest, and until nationalisation secures us these advantages the canals will still remain an ineffective part of our transport system.

In Germany it has been found that canals do not compete with railways, but complement and fulfil the railway system. Apart from the Kiel Canal, which arose out of military and naval considerations, very large sums of money have been expended in Germany, both on canals and canalised rivers.

The boats that go to Mannheim are often above 2,000 tons, and that great tonnage handled in water-borne traffic so long ago as 1905 over 5,250,000 tons in one year. The freight of wheat from Rotterdam to Mannheim, over 400 miles, varies from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a ton.

The Belgian canals do not take boats of a much greater capacity than 300 tons, but the system is extremely well developed, and is very economically maintained and administered.

Now that the war is over there is every likelihood that the improvements in contemplation will enable boats containing cargoes of 1,000 tons to navigate between Liege and Antwerp. Before the war the cost was under 2s. 5d. a ton for steel rails, and the distance was ninety-six miles. In England the same freight would have cost three times as much.

British trade and British labour are both pressing Parliament seriously to regard the control and improvement of the inland waterways as a sound business proposition and essential to commercial prosperity.

HOW PARIS SPENT ITS EASTERTIDE.

AN IMPRESSION OF LIFE IN THE GAY CITY.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

PARIS, April 20.

IT is difficult to hurry in these days of spring and Easter in Paris—the peace that is coming. Oh, yes; the peace that is coming!

Slow but sure. Do not the voracious pundits say so and the ever-truthful Press?

The sun beats down hotly on the boulevards, dusty and made unsightly by the grim engines of war peeping from under the shade of every tree.

The anemones bloom profusely in the park of St. Cloud, and Parisians saunter through the groves near Versailles and peer somewhat vaguely at the conglomeration of buildings which are proudly pointed out as the place where the Peace will be signed.

Yes, truly; also the greatest palace in the world.

Will monsieur enter? No; thanks; monsieur will not enter. Not to-day.

But he will gaze upon the wonderful gaiety that has descended upon the trees and shrubs—a gaiety and optimism of mood in which grim Nature indulges in the youth of the year.

And, if it pleases, monsieur will listen to that wonderful orchestration that swells from the woodland and pipes in these spring days the eternal aspirations of the world.

Merci bien. Monsieur prefers to stay out of doors and let those who will gaze upon the

shell and the frame of ceremonies that are to dazzle the world with their symbolism. And monsieur is joined in this sinful taciturnity by madame and Jeanne and Pierre, who have discovered a trio of goats and sport with them.

Or the poilu back from the far Vosges, who kisses mademoiselle ardently on both cheeks as they hurry past in a taxi.

But they are not human, these "taxicrats." They have eyes for no romance; eyes for nothing except their unvarnished meters and itching palms.

And there also pass along these stifling boulevards Miss Blighty of Bermondsey and Miss Hook of Hampstead—come to see what they call gay Paris—at the cost and charge of his Majesty's considerate Government.

Miss Blighty, I observe, is absorbed in the pages of *La vie Parisienne*. C'est la guerre.

The peace will soon come—and then back to London, with its different views upon life. Monsieur would not enter Versailles, but he will enter this cathedral and see a great congregation on its knees thanking the All-giver for the peace that is to come.

There is, in this solemn affirmation of faith, a strange denial of that boast once made by a French Minister that the lights of Heaven had been put out by the Republic.

Assuredly it is not so this Easter. For faith is exalted in these Parisian houses of God—the simple faith of a great people who, having suffered greatly, look hopefully to the all-transcending peace that is to come.

Monsieur knows now that the lights were not put out. They burn steadily in France. And candles are leaping into flame now that the peace is but a few days off.



AN AUDIENCE OF 10,000.—Councillor Sykes, Mayor of South Shields, addressing Sunday school children. Years ago he stood there as a scholar, singing.

WHERE THE WOMAN "CHIEF" FAILS.

DOES AUTHORITY BRING WITH IT "SWELLED HEAD"?

By A WOMAN WAR WORKER.

"WOULD you rather work for a man or a woman?" Many friends have asked me this question during my four years of war work in Government offices.

Without wishing to disparage my own sex in the very least, I always answer without hesitation, "The man chief is the best."

As a "boss" the woman has still much to learn. It has been no easy task to be head of a room or a "section" in a Government department; the greatest tact and discretion have been needed in dealing with the very heterogeneous collection of women who rushed into war work.

The ex-governess, the lady clerk, the society woman who dashed up to the office in a taxi at the last minute—all these "elements" had to be reconciled in a mixed section.

I have worked with many girls who were popular with all these different types, but directly they were put in command over them their manner completely changed.

"What has happened to Miss Blank since she was made chief of our section? She has become quite intolerable." The once popular Miss Blank—everybody's friend—has become the "boss."

The explanation of the excessive hauteur and coldness displayed by the new chief lies in the fact that many young girl war leaders have never had anything more formidable to control than a lap-dog or a kitten.

Suddenly they find themselves in command

of twenty or thirty women, most of whom are old enough to be their mothers. The result is a bad attack of megalomania or "swelled head."

One friend of mine, for instance, who used to help me make tea, became chief of my section the other day. She now sits in state at her own desk, and summons old ladies to speak to her by their surnames—"Come here, Brown!" "Jones, open that window at once!"

I look at her sadly from my now respectful distance and murmur "*megalomania!*"

I have always found the man leader for whom I have worked infinitely more tactful and more lenient.

Take the way he deals with the Government Attendance Book, for instance—the book that every war-worker dreads as she hurries to her office from Tube or omnibus. She knows that at 9.30 that hateful blue line will be drawn—a second late, and she must sign her name below it and take the consequences.

When asking for a man I always found that he gave me "the benefit of the doubt." He listened with sympathy to my excuses—ever believing them when they sounded probable.

The woman boss, on the other hand, ruled that blue line with a fierce glee. She would greet the late-comer with a cold stare—"I really cannot help the Tube breaking down; I shall have to report you." And these tactics were continued throughout the day, resulting in a poor day's work from an unwilling and resentful subordinate.

Yes, I like to work with women, but as head of my room, as my "boss," I should always choose a man.

BRITISH WIVES AND AMERICAN HUSBANDS.

DOES THE ENGLISH GIRL KNOW HOW TO MANAGE HIM?

By ELEANOR K. McDONNELL.

Miss McDonnell, an American writer, tells of apprehensions her sister in the States feel.

"THE British are coming!" For the second time in its history America is listening to that alarm.

Newspapers in these days make known the fact that an invasion of pink-cheeked girls is at hand:

Boatloads of them are coming, British girls—the wives of returning American soldiers and sailors, who, with high hearts, have sailed the seas to settle in the land of their lords and masters.

That's the crux of the whole situation: that phrase "lords and masters," because, you see, that's exactly what the American man as a husband is not.

Does the English girl know how to handle the American man? Does she know what constitutes a good wife from the American point of view? Is she aware of the radical difference between the English and the American husband?

In short, will she, through her possible ignorance of these matters, do anything to spoil what American women have come to regard the "noblest work of God"—the American husband?

A WILLING SLAVE.

I am not attempting to assert that the American husband has a monopoly of the virtues that make a man desirable as a spouse. The proportion of good husbands in the United States is no greater, I am sure, than the proportion of good husbands in Great Britain, but there's a difference in the way they construe that goodness.

The Englishman reigns as king in his home, his wife is his cherished vassal.

The American woman reigns as queen in the American home, and the American husband is the devoted prince consort.

It has been said that the American man expects little or nothing of his women-folk.

This is not entirely true. The American man does not expect anything in the way of mental service from his wife.

He infinitely prefers fetching things for her than to have her "chase her legs off" for him. He will arise in the morning and before going down to the office will prepare breakfast, if there is no maid, not only for himself, but will bring it on a tray to his wife in bed.

Moreover, a surprisingly large number of hard-working American men turn over their entire salaries to their wives and accept weekly doles from the "ladies faire" for car fares, lunches, tobacco and the inevitable after-the-office cocktail.

The American man not only lets himself be twisted around the wifely little finger, but he obviously enjoys the procedure.

COMMONSENSE MARRIAGES.

It would not be fair to say, however, that he expects nothing in return, for he expects in reality what is much more difficult to give than mere domestic service. He expects charm, daintiness, repartee, and he likes his wife to read Wells and Bergson, and go to the symphonies and belong to the dramatic societies.

Far from upbraiding her for her left-handed domesticity, he abhors the thought of her sinking into the slough of interminable household affairs.

Middle-class marriages in America (and, of course, the middle-class is almost the entire population) start usually on a very commonsense basis. American girls realise the work and responsibility that a big menage entails, particularly in view of the servant problem, and therefore compact little apartments, and not pretentious houses, are chosen.

If a maid is not available or cannot be afforded, it doesn't matter much, because American apartments, even very moderately priced ones, are equipped with electrical appliances and labour-saving devices to a degree that is almost magical.

More and more the American girl is electing to pursue her career after marriage. If this necessitates working outside the home, husband and wife arrange to come home together and cook the evening meal jointly.

Does the English girl know the plum she has picked? Will she find the fruit to her liking? Or will she prove the old adage: "A dog, a woman and a walnut-tree, the more you beat 'em the better they be?"

These are questions American women are asking since, once more, the British are coming.

NEW YORK GREETS ADMIRAL SIMS.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. H



An aeroplane circling the Mauretania, on which Admiral Sims and thousands of troops returned.



WEDDING POSTPONED.—Owing to a slight riding accident to Lady Sybil Scott, her marriage to Mr. C. B. H. Phipps has been temporarily postponed.



TO PATROL THE SKIES.—Otto Meyerhoffer, America's first air policeman, has his badge pinned on his coat by the Mayor of Venice, California. He will keep order in the clouds.



Acknowledging cheers. His daughter, Margaret, met him. Admiral Sims, who commanded the United States Fleet in European waters, received a great ovation on his return to New York after two years' absence.



RECORD CROWD AT BLACKPOOL.—This Lancashire resort, it will be noticed, is being well patronised, and the photograph shows a record crowd on the pier.



Hauling the machine over boggy ground to the aerodrome. It requires a big team.



Mr. Hawker and Commander Grieve.



Swinging the propeller.

Mr. Hawker and his navigator, Commander Grieve, are still patiently waiting for chance to start from Newfoundland on the transatlantic flight. "General Mud"



THE SAND ARTIST RETURNS.—He is back at his old place sculpturing mermaids and fish and other subjects germane to the seaside.



A BATHING CAP.—A bathing cap, adjunct to the dress and white stripes.

MR. HAWKER'S VIGIL AT NEWFOUNDLAND

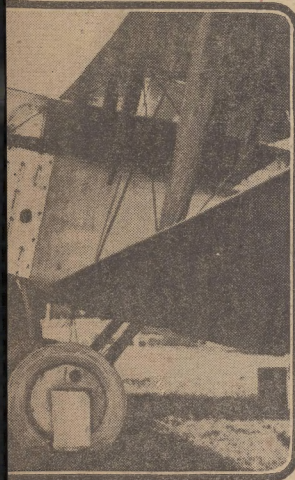
REDUCED TO PEAT AT LIMERICK.



horses.



Mr. Hawker (and dogs) with the Governor of Newfoundland.



ting out on a trial flight.



Salving Major Wood's machine.

ow operating in Newfoundland and not in Flanders, and proving a great handicap. Major Wood's machine, it will be remembered, fell into the sea on the way to Ireland.



an important ad- case it is of black a wired bow adds et.



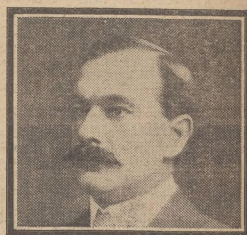
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.—They selected a quiet, unfrequented nook and spent their time canoeing. And the dog swam to its heart's content—unmuzzled.



Women buying peat for fuel at Limerick, practically no coal being available. Grocers and tobacconists were, however, ordered to be opened during the week-end.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A BATHING DRESS.—It is of black and white waterproof satin, and has a wide black satin girdle.



RAILWAY CHAIRMAN.—Mr. George Murray Smith, chairman of the Midland Railway, who has died. He was a Leicestershire County Council member, and did a great deal of war work.



SAND PIES.—A game that always appeals to children. The seaside has many attractions, but they never omit to make these gritty delicacies.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A BANK HOLIDAY QUEUE.—The long-distance drives were very popular, and here holiday-makers are seen waiting for a seat on a Hampton Court omnibus.

1861

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss I. Cathie Duncan, lecturing to our troops in Italy, is niece of Gen. Giffard, V.C., commanding the Ulster Division.



The Duchess of Athol will accompany the Duke when he goes to Holyrood, as Lord High Commissioner of the Grand Assembly.

A BRIGHT EASTER.

A "Jazz" Novelty at a Wedding—M.P. as a Film-Proprietor.

LIKE A SELF-POSSESSED modern maiden, Easter Monday was bright but cold. The sun shone; but a chilly wind searched the bones of those who ventured out without adequate protection. Everybody seemed bent on mirth and jollity; and the number of parties consisting of father, "demobbed," mother and the children seen was amazing. Altogether, a quite satisfactory celebration of the first Easter Monday since the fighting stopped.

Ministers Dispersed.

This was the slackest Easter since 1914 for Ministers. Most of them went out of town directly the House rose, and Whitehall was a deserted village. How different from the anxious Easter of last year, for instance!

Italy and Japan.

A man over here on a brief visit from the Peace Conference tells me that the attitude of both Italy and Japan causes some anxiety. Japan's demands regarding Kiaochow and the Shantung Peninsula are bitterly resented by the Chinese, who say that they are hardly in accord with the principles guiding the Conference.

Mrs. Bosant.

My Anglo-Indian friends tell me that Mrs. Annie Bosant's condemnation of the present troubles in India is a little belated. It comes at a time when she has been more or less repudiated by every political party; but better late than never.

Pommes au Naturel.

A settlement has been reached between potato growers and the Ministry of Food, by which the former will be compensated for crops the Government have taken over. Tons of potatoes have rotted in their pits during the past years.

A Man with Grit.

I see that Sir George Lloyd, the new Governor of Bombay, has been telling a public meeting that the outbreaks in India "imply something more sinister than ordinary agitation." What with the recent big mill strike and the present disturbances, Sir George Lloyd has had a tough time ever since he landed; but he has plenty of grit.

"Jerry" Being Photographed.

Our German prisoners of war in France and Belgium are all busy having their photographs taken to send home. This was formerly not allowed, but the restriction has been recently removed. As a result almost every Hun's letter home contains the abjuration "Send some money and I will send you a photo."

Woe in the Whisky World.

There is much woe in the whisky trade. Eighty travellers for one of the largest firms have received notice, accompanied by a year's salary. Under the present alcoholic restrictions an office boy could dispose of the whisky permitted to issue from the distiller to the publican.

In Private Life.

I am glad to hear from Dublin that Mr. John Dillon is much better in health. He is, however, taking no part in politics. He is right out of public life. From all I can hear, he intends to stay out.

A Promise of Spring.

Owners of orchards are delighted at the promise in the buds. They consider if only spring behaves and refrains from naughty caprices we shall have the finest fruit season in memory.

Soldiers' Wives for France.

I hear that officers' and soldiers' wives are now to be allowed to visit their husbands in France and Belgium. But this must all be done at the soldier-husband's expense, and a passport must be obtained. How many wives will go, I wonder?

Coloured Soldiers for Germany.

I hear that the War Office has decided that coloured soldiers serving in British units abroad may volunteer for the armies of occupation. As a result many a gallant "chocolate soldier" will soon be seen on the Rhine. Already hundreds have come forward in France and Belgium.

A "Powerful" Man.

Commodore Hodges, who is now Admiral Madden's chief of staff, came into notice during the South African war, when he was one of the Naval Brigade which helped in the defence of Ladysmith. His 4.7 battery on Junction Hill greatly harassed the burghers. Before the war he was our Naval Attache in Paris.

London's Hotel Shortage.

The hotel shortage in London is really becoming a very serious matter for business folk. I know a number of business men from the North who are obliged to stay at Maidenhead, Brighton, and Southend when they come up to London—if one may put it in this slightly Irish fashion.

New Hotel.

Of course, this involves a great waste of time to them in daily travel to and from these places. I hear, by the way, that another big hotel containing about 800 bedrooms is about to be put up in Baker-street on the same lines as some existing popular hotels.

Carpets and Philanthropy.

Sir Algernon Firth, the Yorkshire carpet king, now that he is back from America, is



Miss Marie Novello will shortly appear at the Coliseum as a solo pianiste.



Viscountess Grimston, a keen welfare worker, is a daughter of the Earl of Meath.

busy with his philanthropic schemes again. I hear that Sir Algernon has given a big portion of his estate at Heckmondwike for a housing scheme for his workpeople.

Cousins.

Although he is a cousin of Mr. Asquith, Sir Algernon is a Unionist and a Protectionist. He once went on a deputation to Mr. Asquith when his cousin was Premier, and there were, I remember, some piquant passages.

Later On.

Weddings, like revues, are sometimes postponed. Lady Sybil Scott was to be married to Mr. C. H. Phipps, of the Life Guards, on Saturday, but she has had an accident—not a serious one—while riding. Consequently, the ceremony has had to be put off for a little while.

A Jazz Wedding.

A pair of partners who have "jazzed" all through the past months have a novel "stunt" for their wedding. Each bridesmaid is to bring her jazz partner and walk with him in the procession. Well, it is all a matter of taste.

In Shining Apparel.

I prophesy a boom in those radiant gowns which are the talk of the States if they are introduced in this country. They really spring, I hear, from the discovery by an Italian scientist of certain substances which glow with reflected brilliance as they approach light and fade away as light decreases.

Beware of the Dog.

One immediate result of the rabies order is a fall in burglaries. "Thieves," a detective-inspector explains, "are as afraid as anybody else of a rabid dog."

Princess Serves.

Princess Alice, whose newly-opened home for disabled men was visited by the Queen yesterday, is a real "pal" of the soldiers. Not half the men to whom she hands meat pies and coffee at the Beaver Hut twice a week realise that she is a princess. The secret was out when the Queen of Rumania called there one day and asked for her

England's Day.

To-morrow will be St. George's Day—the festival of England's patron saint. It will be the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday. So I hope we shall see the red cross of St. George fluttering from every church tower.

When George Was Eanned.

In spite of the fact that George is the name of our patron saint, there was a period in the history of this country when George was extremely unpopular as a name with a certain section of the community. Indeed, the Jacobite clergy at Manchester refused to bestow the name of George in baptism, regarding it as a Hanoverian symbol.

The Birthday.

Shakespeare Day sees just one of the poets' works running in London—"Romeo and Juliet," at the Lyric, where admirers of Miss Doris Keane crowd to see her Juliet. Of course, the old "Vic" has its usual festival.

The Birthplace.

According to present arrangements, Stratford-on-Avon sees Mr. Nigel Playfair's production of "As You Like It" to-night. I hear that the little town is almost crowded out with visitors.

Easter Theatres.

All the theatres did well this Easter Monday, long queues being noticeable in the West End very early. It was interesting to the old playgoer that two new plays were produced in the evening, Easter Monday being usually a day left alone for production purposes.

Theatrical "Commonwealths."

Miss Eva Moore, I see, favours the co-operative theatre idea. If by this she means the "commonwealth" system it is no new thing. In the past it was the last resort of the stranded touring company.

An Exception.

Miss Madge McIntosh was touring when war was declared. The manager got the wind up, declared the tour finished and left hurriedly for London. Miss McIntosh called the company together and proposed they should finish the tour on the commonwealth system. I am glad to say her pluck was well rewarded.

M.P. and Films.

Major David Davies, M.P., seems to have a finger in many pies. Now it is a film com-



Mr. Alec Waugh is repeating his sensational lecture on "Our Public Schools" on April 29.



Miss Marjorie Chapman, M.B., is now working at the Women's Hospital, Woodwich Arsenal.

pany to produce British films in British settings. If the Major puts the same energy into "picture" productions as he does into his other activities we shall see something.

A Quick Shave.

Part of a sensational film that was being taken at a cinema studio near London recently had to be done again in curious circumstances. The bearded villain was thrown into a pond. But when he emerged he was clean-shaven!

The Drama in Ireland.

Sir Valentine Grant tells me (says my Dublin Correspondent) that he has made a good deal of headway with the project of establishing a Dramatic Council in Ireland. He has already some influential support.

THE RAMBLER.

"Please, Mother, don't forget to order Laitova."

Mothers cannot do better than let the children have all they want of this most nourishing and delicious food. It's so wholesome.

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The Daily Spread for the Children's Bread.

Don't accept substitutes. If you cannot obtain it in your district, send us your Grocer's name and 1s. 6d. in stamps, and we will send you a large 1s. 6d. jar post free.

In Hygienic Jars—4½, 9d., and 1s. 6d.

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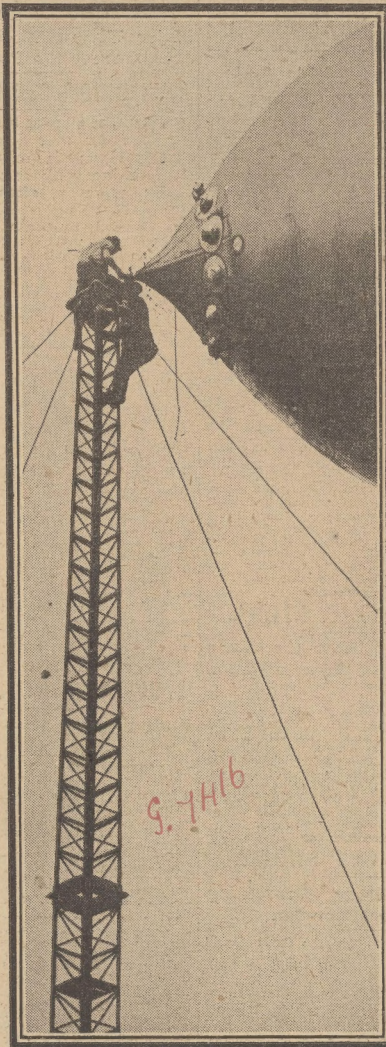
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"GEE, POP, IT'S A GAME."



This is what Master E. Anderson, an American boy, aged six, remarked to his father after a flight at Cricklewood. He was the youngest passenger.

AIR STEEPLEJACKS.



Experiment in mast mooring. Examining the attachment after a rough day in the wind. The craft swings on its pivot like a weathercock. This photograph is to be seen at the R.A.F. exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, now open daily.

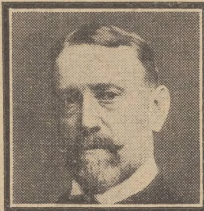
USED AGAINST ZEPPEPS.



The Buckingham incendiary bullet was used successfully against Zeppes and kite balloons. Two are seen in flight simultaneously, and were fired from a machine-gun.



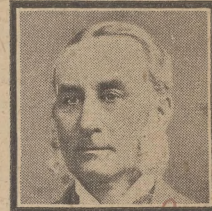
HOUSE-HUNTING.—The Rev. Garfield Webster, vicar designate of St. James', Bath, who cannot find a house. He formerly served before the mast.



U.S. DIPLOMAT DEAD.—Mr. R. Sanderson-McCormick, formerly American Ambassador to France, who has died. He was also Ambassador to Russia.



A CALLANT RESCUE.—Seaman John C. Hamilton, who jumped into deep water at Fishergate Harbour and rescued a small boy from drowning.



MENTIONED AT 91.—Mr. W. R. Innes-Hopkins, D.L., J.P., of Malton, mentioned for services in connection with the organisation of war hospitals.



A "DROOPY" GARDEN HAT.—This model is of leghorn, and is trimmed with artificial flowers. It is one of the latest models from New York.



A SUNSHINE SNAP.—"Launching a windjammer" at Torquay, where fine weather has enabled the children to be out all day.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



AUSTRALIANS VISIT DEVONSHIRE.—The Overseas XV. defeated Exeter and Exmouth by 9 points to 3. An Exeter man picking up the ball during loose play.



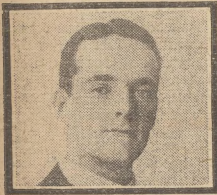
HOCKEY ON THE SANDS.—A match played at Scarborough between ladies representing this famous resort and Bradford. The home team won by 3 goals to 2.

(3-1), Crom Abco (8-1), Garve (20-1). Ten; six. (Hogan.)

Daily Mirror

Tuesday, April 22, 1919.

PLAY ABOUT EUGENICS.



Mr. Donald Calthrop and Miss Mary Glynn, who are playing leading parts in "The Very Idea," produced at the St. Martin's Theatre last night. The play deals with eugenics, a topical subject.



ARCHWAY OF HATCHETS. Kifonon Hitchcock and his bride, Miss Annie Rose, leaving St. Bride's Church, City. The bridegroom's colleagues formed the guard of honour.



"LOOK AT MY TIDDLERS."—Little Teddy, who acts for the films, deeply interested in what a little girl has caught in a Manchester park.

CHINA FIRES GERMANS, BAG AND BAGGAGE.



Chinese coolies hauling the baggage of enemy subjects to the wharf at Shanghai. Thousands of native and foreign residents turned out to watch what was the last step in the repatriation of 2,500 Germans and Austrians, who during the war flooded China with anti-Allied propaganda.



Mr. Augustus Yorke.



Mr. Robert Leonard.

"BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE."—"Potash" (left) and "Perimutter" are appearing in the new play at the Savoy Theatre.



"ON THE ROCKS."—They are, however, quite cheerful about it. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



A NEW AMBASSADOR.—The Hon. Hugh C. Wallace, who succeeds Mr. Sharp as U.S. Ambassador to France, en route for Europe. He is seen with his wife.



THE SEA SCOUTS' EASTER.—These boys took what was more or less a busman's holiday at Sandown, Isle of Wight, and went for a row in their boat.